

tion bureau to translate foreign books into Chinese; he bought a large number of translated books from Shanghai and Hongkong, and for the nucleus of a library where *Western Learning* and aspirants for literary honours could read and study up "Western Learning"; and then notified candidates for the examinations that at least one-half of his subjects for examinations in the future would be on foreign and modern topics. As a matter of fact he aimed at revolutionising the entire schedule of examinations of Hainan province. Of course, Kiang Piao misused his power by his actions and so at the end of his term (1897)—when another term of three years would have enabled him to completely modernise Hainan—he was relieved by a new Governor, the very opposite of himself in character and abilities.

In 1898 the Emperor began his scheme of reform, and naturally thought of Kiang Piao. The latter was, therefore, appointed in July a Metropolitan Official of the 4th grade and commanded to come up to Peking to help by his advice his Imperial Master. Before Kiang Piao could do so the great crash came, and, of course, such a prominent Reformer could not escape the wrath of the Empress Dowager's conservative advisers. He was cashiered and dismissed for ever and ordered to take place under the surveillance of the local authorities of Soochow. Kiang Piao became a disappointed man; being a member of a fairly well-off family he was, of course, not reduced to penury and want, but this sudden retrogression of his fortunes apparently told on his health and he died through the bursting of a blood vessel. The Reform Party has suffered a very serious loss in its ranks by Kiang Piao's death.—N. C. Daily News.

RUSSIA AND KOREA.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Globe* sends the following very important note:—

The question of Russia's position in the Far East is again attracting a great deal of attention in the Russian Press, and special attention is being paid to the question whether Russian possessions in its ports of Vladivostok and Port Arthur naval bases which are of themselves sufficient for the needs of the Russian East-Asian Fleet. Naval experts have expressed the opinion that the many advantages possessed by both these harbours are affected by many drawbacks, and principally by the lack of a connecting link, since such a link would be of the greatest importance in maintaining undisturbed intercourse for both ports with the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Pechili. For the purpose of assisting the Russian authorities to lay upon a naval base that will serve as a connecting link between Vladivostok and Port Arthur, the *East-Asian Lloyd* makes the following suggestion:—

"One's first glance falls naturally upon the Straits of Korea, which contain islands with excellent bays. Especially suitable from a Russian aspect is the island of Kodjedo, or Korgado, lying off the south-eastern coast of Korea. The numerous bays of the coastline of this island afford many good harbours, in which the largest fleets could find a convenient anchorage. We are informed that Russian vessels have some time ago taken surveys and soundings of the bays in questions, and the reports thus handed in have strongly recommended the Ministry of Marine to make use of the Bay of Masampo, the roadsteads of Admiral Alexieff, Tchichatcheff, Tchekotoff, Vladimir Monomach, and others. The great point in favour of Korgado is its excellent geographical position. Lying midway in the Straits of Korea it is distant only 50 English miles from Takeshiki, and 135 miles from Saseho. Both these Japanese ports are to-day the watch-towers at the entrance of the Sea of Japan, and they may be called the 'Japanesque Dardanelles.' Nothing further need be said to show the value of a harbour on the northern coast of the Straits of Korea, when such a harbour in the hands of Japan renders the Strait impassable and completely cuts off Vladivostok from Port Arthur; on the other hand, such a harbour in the hands of Russia would convert the Sea of Japan into an international waterway, and would, so to say, form the connecting link between Vladivostok and Port Arthur."

The necessity for Russia to assure a point of support of this nature for her naval forces in the Far East easily explains the great attention with which that country is following every movement on the part of Japan in Korea, and at the same time it explains the desire of Japan to make it impossible for Russia to plant a firm and permanent foot on the Straits of Korea. The success of Russian diplomacy in Korea has not passed unnoticed by the Japanese, and although the Czar's advisers may deem the present moment most opportune for reopening the Korean question, which is not without signs that Japan is resolved to make a bold stand against the pretensions of Russia.

SIGNIFICANCE OF KAISER'S VISIT.

A London cable of October 27th discusses the bearings and significance of the Kaiser's visit to England which the direct cables to the East have just chronicled. The German Emperor (the cable says) has again become picturesque on the European stage. French Chauvinism envies him for having intervened at the close of the Dreyfus trial to deprive the verdict of the judges of all moral force, and is now coaxing him to stay away from England. Bismarck's German partisans are also warning him that it is more important for him to remain on close terms with the Czar than to woo popularity in England. There is also the old-time feeling of jealousy, especially among the commercial classes in Germany, which is not easily reconciled with the new trend of the Emperor's policy of friendship for England. His projected visit to England has become a matter of high diplomatic importance and will be preceded by a meeting with the Czar, with will not lessen the significance of the event. Naturally he is investing these incidents with an atmosphere of mystery and the prominence attached to his movements imparts lustre to his prestige and adds to his personal influence in European affairs. The change of public sentiment in England, which has been so easily reconciled with the German Emperor since the flying squadron was ordered four years ago, is nothing less than a startling anomaly. English irritation over Germany's commercial rivalry and the Emperor's meddlesome intervention in the Transvaal affair, reached a pitch where war would have been welcomed. Times have changed and the English people are now prepared to receive him as an ally and friend who has stood by them when Russia and France have been suspected of treachery. British indignation which was lampooned and jeered at him after the Japanese war, now dismisses the fact that the Boer war was caused by the Emperor's German advisers as a matter of no importance and fairly clamours to have him enter London in triumph. Anxiety is felt lest the Emperor may be influenced to defer his visit to England under the pressure of political agitation at home, and subtle intrigue abroad. Evidence that the governing classes of England and Germany are working hand in hand is complete. The governments are on the most friendly terms possible.

THE BOERS AND THE GIRAFFE.

The Boers are credited with being great hunters, and chief of them in his younger days was President Kruger, whose daring in attacking a lion single-handed, with a hunting knife, has many times been told. When the Boers migrated from Cape Colony to the Transvaal they were forced to clear the way by killing 6,000 lions, many of which were killed by Kruger. For years the South African Boers have been hunters, and their skill with the rifle is due to this daily practice in the fields and woods. But with them the killing of game has been either a matter of dollars and cents or self-protection.

Their creditable work of freeing South Africa of the blood-sucking lions, which roamed in such numbers that life was rendered unsafe anywhere in the country, is off set by their ruthless destruction of the giraffe from Cape Colony to the Beletli River. If they killed 6,000 lions in the Transvaal before existence was made safe, they must have killed 60,000 of the innocent graceful giraffes. In the early days of South African history the giraffe was the most abundant game in the Transvaal, Matabeland, and Orange Free State, but the creature has been killed off like the American buffalo, and the few remaining representatives of a noble race are hardly driven north. For years past the giraffe has been a profitable quarry for the Boer hunters, and the animal was valued by them only because the hides were articles of commercial use. They were not hunted, shot down in droves and destroyed in the greatest number possible in every direction. The extinction by the animal in South Africa is now threatened and its preservation by legislation comes when it is almost too late. In this respect, too, the brief history of the creature will resemble the story of the American buffalo.

This creature, the hide of which is its chief article of value. No wonder that the bullets often fail to penetrate this skin, for it is from three-quarters to an inch thick, and as tough as it is thick. This skin when cured and tanned makes excellent leather for certain purposes. The Boers make riding whips and sandals out of the skins they do not send to Europe. The bones of the giraffe have also a commercial value. The leg bones are solid instead of hollow, and in Europe they are in great demand for manufacturing buttons and other bone articles. The tendons of the giraffe are so strong that they will sustain an enormous dead weight, which gives to them pecuniary value.

TO WIRE THE PACIFIC.

AMERICA PREPARING TO LAY THE CABLE. WASHINGTON, October 26th.

In diplomatic and official quarters attention is being directed to the question of a Pacific cable linking this country with the Philippines and points beyond, and it is understood that this Government and the foreign governments which would be affected by the cable are now actively considering the subject. The officials here are assembling data and preparing cables, with expectation that the matter will be brought to the early attention of Congress. In a general way the project is for a cable of four links, viz.: From San Francisco to Hawaii, 2160 miles; from Hawaii to Wake Island, 2044 miles; from Wake Island to Guam, 1293 miles; from Guam to Manila, 1350 miles. These landing points are all within the control of the United States, our flag having been raised on Wake Island not long ago. This would connect all the American possessions in the Pacific by a line crossing no foreign territory. Besides this the plan permits of an expansion so as to secure two outlets to Asia and the Far East. The first of these would be from Manila to the Japanese island of Formosa, from which island Japan has built a line to the Japanese coast and the mainland of Asia. The second outlet would be from Hawaii south to Fanning Island, at which point the newly projected British cable from Vancouver to New Zealand crosses. The foregoing projects would not be private enterprises, but a Government undertaking. The Government, it is urged, in support of the project, should not only free from the present high charges and from the supervision of foreign companies now handling the business, but the line being opened to the public and commercial uses at a reasonable rate would afford facilities for the expanding trade of the Pacific and thereby yield a considerable return to the Government. Foreign governments which would be effected by this project—notably Russia, Japan and Great Britain—are beginning to show some concern over it and it is understood that the Government has been sounded of late from several foreign quarters to learn what its plans are.

CALLS ON THE AMERICAN NATION TO RETURN THANKS.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SAYS THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE GREAT REASON TO REJOICE. WASHINGTON, October 25th.

The President to-day issued the following proclamation:—

"National custom, dear to the hearts of the people, calls for the setting apart of one day in each year for special thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings of the preceding year. This honored observance acquires with time a tender significance. It enriches domestic life. It summons under the family roof the absent children to glad reunion with those they love.

"Seldom has this Nation had greater cause for profound thanksgiving. No great pestilence has invaded our shores. Liberal employment waits upon labour. Abundant crops have rewarded the efforts of the husbandman. The national finances have been strengthened and public credit has been sustained and made firm. In all branches of industry and trade there has been an unequalled degree of prosperity, while there has been a steady gain in the moral and educational growth of our national character.

"Churches and schools have flourished. American patriotism has been exalted. These engaged in maintaining the honor of the flag with such signal success have been in a large degree spared from disaster and disease. An honorable peace has been ratified with a foreign nation with which we were at war and we are now at friendly relations with every power on earth.

"The trust which we have assumed for the benefit of the people of Cuba has faithfully advanced. There is marked progress toward the restoration of healthy industrial conditions, and under wise sanitary regulations the island has enjoyed unusual exemption from the scourge of fever. The hurricane which swept over our new possession of Porto Rico, destroying the homes and property of the inhabitants, called forth the instant sympathy of the people of the United States, who were swift to respond with generous aid to the sufferers. While the insurrection still continues in the island of Luzon, business is resuming its activity and confidence in the good purposes of the United States is being rapidly established throughout the archipelago.

"For these reasons and countless others, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do name Thursday, the thirtieth day of November next, as a day of general thanksgiving."

giving and prayer, to be observed as such by all our people on this continent and in our newly acquired islands, as well as by those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands, and I advise that on this day religious exercises shall be conducted in the churches or meeting places of all denominations in order that in the social features of the day its real significance may not be lost sight of, but fervent prayers may be offered to the Most High for a continuance of Divine guidance, without which man's efforts are vain, and for Divine consolation to those whose kindred and friends have sacrificed their lives for our country.

"I recommend also, that on this day, so far as may be found practicable, labor shall cease from its accustomed toil and charity abound toward the sick, the needy and the poor.

"In witness whereof, I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

—S. F. Chronicle.

THE ARMoured TRAIN AT MAFeking.

Reuter's correspondent, in his account of the fight at Mafeking, gives some interesting details of the work of the armoured train. The correspondent says:—"The scene inside it was perhaps unique in the annals of modern warfare. The crew of the leading truck, 'Firefly,' consisted of a detachment of the British South Africa Police and railway volunteers, Captain Ashley Williams himself being in command. Mr. Swynne being the driver of the engine, and Mr. A. Moffat acting as stoker. The second truck was in charge of Lieutenant More an engineer on the Bechuanaaland Railway. Number One truck was armed with a Maxim, and its crew mostly with Lee-Metfords. Truck Number Two, which carried another Maxim, rejoined in the name of 'Wasp.' A third truck, the 'Gun,' carried a Hotchkiss. The crew of the trucks numbered barely fifteen in each. As the trucks steamed past Lord Charles Bentinck's squadron, they were received with a chorus of 'Gods' shooting.' 'They can't snort for us, go ahead.' About two miles beyond Bentinck's men the enemy, about 600 strong, were sighted to the right-front of the trucks, and leading truck immediately opened fire with the Maxim at 300 yards. The enemy replied with quick-firing guns and their ponder Maxim, and in a minute or two both sides were raining bullets. Our men manned every loophole, and as they served their guns passed more than one amusing and sarcastic remark, especially when the enemy retired gradually before them. The train advanced steadily, and as the Boers moved back and forth covered the range and began to drop shells too close, it kept on the move up and down the line, to the discomfort of the Boer gunners. Meanwhile the Maxim bullets rattled merrily but ineffectually on the armour, each new discharge or volley being greeted with what our fellows call 'gun laughter.'

After the engagement had lasted some time, Colonel Baden-Powell decided that the armoured train should return, and he despatched Captain FitzClarence with a squadron of men to cover its retreat. The train then retired to the right of the line. At first its advance was not opposed, but after occupying a Kafir kraal the enemy attempted to outflank him, and a heavy and determined engagement ensued. The armoured train at this juncture was quite unable to assist FitzClarence, as the enemy were attacking his front and still trying to turn his flank, so that the crew of the train were unable to fire for fear of hitting their own men.

Captain FitzClarence was then ordered to retire on Mafeking, but he sent to the train (which formed a sort of base) to say that being hampered with his wounded he could not return without reinforcements. Captain Lord Charles Bentinck was ordered to take his squadron and endeavour to disengage FitzClarence. Meanwhile, our men were behaving splendidly, and pressing the Dutch hard. As a result of this, the enemy abandoned their position a little before midday, thus allowing FitzClarence, who was unquestionably outnumbered, to commence a retreat in good order.—London and China Express.

BRITAIN, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY IN CHINA.

A Reuter's representative has had an interview with a British official who has just returned from the Far East, having visited, among other places, Port Arthur, Tientsin, Kiaochow, and Wei-hai-wei. He said that he had seen a square of ground on which natives are at work. There is not a merchant in the place, there being, in fact, no room for commercial buildings. There are a few small and insignificant stores, but the Russians do not encourage trade at Port Arthur. They intend to make Tientsin—forty miles distant on the New-chiang side—the commercial port of Port Arthur. This place is open all the winter and is designated as the commercial terminus of the Russian railway. The way the Russians are working is remarkable. The chief engineer told me that within two years he could provide me with a railway ticket from Paris to Port Arthur direct. I was also told that every facility would be given to merchants of all nationalities to settle at Tientsin, and that there was no room and no field for merchants at Port Arthur. The flower of the Russian army, from officers downwards, is undoubtedly in Manchuria. Regarding Tientsin, the officials at Port Arthur quite recognise the international trade which is inevitable there, and I was told that the whole question was to be reconsidered. As a matter of fact, Russian activity at Port Arthur is proving a great stimulus to British trade, as a large amount of material is being obtained from British houses and taken out by British ships.

Speaking of Kiaochow, Reuter's informant said:—"The hills are bare, rocky, and desolate, but in the valley the soil is good and well cultivated. Roads are being laid out, and a tramway is under construction, but the place awaits speculators to build and people to occupy the houses. There appears to be every prospect of the place becoming of some commercial value, but it will be many years before it will be of any importance. There are about 1,000 troops in the place, and nearly everyone you meet is a German and in uniform. Chinese men are to be seen working in the streets. I only saw two or three merchant ships in the harbour. The Germans declare that the place will rival Hongkong. I saw no fortifications at Kiaochow, and although, in course of the war, the place was a great gun emplaced there, Port Arthur or Wei-hai-wei. At Wei-hai-wei I saw several men-of-war. Building operations for the garrisons are still in progress. The island is used for residential purposes and for the storekeepers, the military living on the mainland, where merchants are not encouraged. Large numbers of military men and marines were to be seen, and also detachments of the new Chinese Regiment. Workmen are busily engaged in repairing and adding to the forts and wharves, but no attempt is being made to rival Port Arthur as an impregnable place of arms or Kiaochow as a commercial centre.—London and China Express.

THE REPORTED CHINO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

The Tokyo Correspondent of *The Times*, in the course of a long letter which he has sent to that journal, and dated Sept. 6, writes:—"The Chinese Commissioners Liu and Ching have now left Tokyo. Ostensibly their journey to Japan had a purely commercial object; they were instructed to make a careful investigation of the trading and manufacturing methods which Japan is following with success. But in reality, their main purpose was to ascertain the possibilities of an alliance between the two Oriental Empires. They were not authorised, of course, to conclude an alliance, even if they found Japan willing to entertain their proposals, but they were simply a tentative mission, and rumour multiplied its proportions, even more than the usual coefficient of exaggeration. There was, above all, no truth in the statement, industriously circulated, that Japan had agreed to be a party to the alliance. Japan certainly laid herself open to some suspicion, for she had full knowledge that the character of the mission was not merely commercial, and since, despite that knowledge, she agreed to receive the Commissioners, and to grant them an Imperial audience, the public was not without warrant for supposing that she had a mind to endorse their purpose. It would, however, be a very egregious error to suppose that any alliance of the nature suggested by recent rumours is possible between China and Japan. To afford every reasonable aid towards the development of her neighbour's capacities of self-defence is certainly in Japan's mind, but to conclude any agreement which would pledge her to share the vicissitudes of China's fortunes is a project she does not entertain for a moment.

We who live in Japan and have many opportunities of ascertaining the views held by her publicists about Chinese problems believe that we are in a position to speak with some confidence. What we see before everything is that the statement of this country do not credit the possibility of the Middle Kingdom's complete disintegration. They think that its territorial dimensions may be reduced, but they think also that there must always remain a solid residuum, guaranteed against disruption by the homogeneity of the race, by its vast resources, and by its long history of autonomy. Japan understands that it is a matter of life or death to her nascent industries to prevent any large encroachment upon Chinese dominions by powers which employ protective tariffs to close their markets. She does not want the irreducible minimum of the Chinese Empire for her commercial *vis-à-vis*. Then comes the question. To what length is she prepared to go, and what methods does she think feasible, for the conservation of the Middle Kingdom? Here also there is a notable consensus of opinion amongst her leading politicians. They think that what China needs before everything at present is a strong army and a strong navy—the weapons of self-defence. She already possesses materials for an army; they require only to be moulded into shape. Japan is best fitted to undertake that task. Apart from her various affinities with her neighbour, she has the important qualification of having herself passed through the mill of adoption and adaptation. She knows the difficulties and can help others to surmount them. But the naval problem cannot be so easily solved. Many years and vast expenditure would be needed to provide China with an efficient navy, and in the interval her coasts lie at the mercy of any enterprising enemy. England alone can save the situation. England, without making any considerable addition to her present squadron in the Far East, and with Japan's co-operation, could easily protect China against maritime aggressions pending the constructions of Chinese ships and the training of Chinese seamen, which latter tasks would be undertaken by the Queen of the Seas. These are the practical questions that press for immediate settlement, according to the view of Japanese publicists. The questions of finance and general reform would be natural corollaries, which Japan does not seem to consider incapable of solution.—London and China Express.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

Captain R. W. Almond, of the steamship *Diamante*, from Manila, reports:—Strong N.E. gale, heavy sea, and terrific squalls.

NOTANDA.

CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

Meteorological notes based on fifteen years' observations to 1898.

Burometer 30.181
Thermometer 62.4
Humidity 64
Rainfall 0.985

TO-DAY.

WEATHER REPORT.

On date at 4 p.m. On date at 10 a.m.

Barometer 30.24 30.16
Temperature 61 60
Humidity 61 73
Rainfall — —

TO-DAY.

Saturday, 2nd December, 1899.

Chinese—30th of 10th moon of 25th year of Kwang-shu.

Sun—Rises 6hr. 23min.
Sets 5hr. 30min.
High water—Morning 7hr. 33min.
Afternoon 7hr. 22min.
Low water—Morning 3hr. 37min.
Afternoon 3hr. 30min.

TO-MORROW.

Sunday, 3rd December, 1899.

Chinese—1st of 11th moon of 25th year of Kwang-shu.

Sun—Rises 6hr. 26min.
Sets 5hr. 30min.
Moon—New Moon 8hr. 24 a.m.
Moon—Max. Dec. 5hr. 30 p.m.
High water—Morning 3hr. 44min.
Afternoon 3hr. 22min.
Low water—Morning 3hr. 18min.
Afternoon 3hr. 51min.

ANNIVERSARIES.

1554—St. Francis Xavier died at Sanchoan.

1672—Battle of Austen, when Japan defeated the Dutch.

1849—Queen Adelaide died.

1854—Napoleon created Emperor of France.

1875—Return of Governor Sir Arthur Kennedy to Hongkong from England.

1896—Dr. Jameson released on account of ill-health.

1898—Six patients burnt to death at Leprosy Hospital at Tokio.

TO-MORROW.

Sunday, 3rd December, 1899.

Chinese—1st of 11th moon of 25th year of Kwang-shu.

Sun—Rises 6hr. 26min.
Sets 5hr. 30min.
Moon—New Moon 8hr. 24 a.m.
Moon—Max. Dec. 5hr. 30 p.m.
High water—Morning 3hr. 44min.
Afternoon 3hr. 22min.
Low water—Morning 3hr. 18min.
Afternoon 3hr. 51min.

ANNIVERSARIES.

1574—Li-ma-hong attacked Manila without success.

1832—Mr. Innis ordered to leave Canton within 3 days for being in possession of opium.

1873—The Philippine ports of Legaspi, and Tacloban opened to trade.

1878—Charles Newman convicted of the murder of Cutler, and sentenced to death at Hongkong Criminal Sessions.

British str. *Lorne* foundered, while on voyage from Saigon to Hongkong; over 80 lives lost, several Europeans included.

1891—Disastrous gale in Hongkong with great loss of life.

1898—Prince Henry of Prussia arrives in Hongkong.

AGENDA.

TO-DAY.

9 p.m.—Boxing tournament at the City Hall.

TO-MORROW.

Royal Hongkong Yacht Club—Club Race No. 3. Course No. 18.

CHURCH SERVICES.

St. John's Cathedral:—Communion, 7 a.m., Matins, 11 a.m., Evensong, 5.45 p.m.

Roman Catholic Cathedral:—Mass at 6 a.m., 7 a.m., 8 a.m., and 9.30 a.m. Benediction, 5 p.m.

Union Church:—Services, 11 a.m. and 6 p.m.

German Bethesda Chapel, West Point:—Morning Service, 11 a.m.

St. Francis Church, Wanchai:—Mass (Chin.), 6 a.m., (Port.), 7.30 a.m. Benediction, 5 p.m.

St. Joseph's Church, Garden Road:—Morning Service (English), 9 a.m.

St. Anthony's Chapel, West Point:—Mass, 8 a.m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church:—Services, 10.30 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.

St. Peter's Seamen's Church:—11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

MONDAY, 4th.

Adjourned inquest on late Privates Jones and Jordan at the Magistrate's Office.

About 4 p.m.—Polo Match (Gillies Cup). Whitehead vs. Loring at Causeway Bay.

9 a.m.—Performance by Madame Konorah at City Hall.

TUESDAY, 5th.

Bazaar in aid of the Asile de la Ste Enfance, at the City Hall.

4 p.m.—Cargo ex s.s. *Socotra* subject to rent.

Noon.—C. & O. steamer *Lady Jolney* for San Diego.

8 for 8.30 p.m.—Regular meeting of the Jubilee Lodge of Instruction, address by Bro. H. W. Wolfe.

WEDNESDAY, 6th.

Inquest on late Sergt. Healy, R.A. at the Magistrate's Office.

Cargo ex *Hongkong Maru* subject to rent.

Trial of Lamma pirates at Magistrate's Office.

9 p.m.—Performance by Madame Konorah at City Hall.

THURSDAY, 7th.

Sale by Auction by G. F. Lammert of Lease of Island Lot No. 1.

9 p.m.—Performance by Madame Konorah at City Hall.

Cargo ex *Prins Heinrich* subject to rent.

FRIDAY, 8th.

4 p.m.—E. & S. Co.'s steamer *Australian* leaves for Sydney and Melbourne.

About 4 p.m.—Polo Match (Gillies Cup). Walwyn vs. Winner of No. 2.

SATURDAY, 9th.

Noon.—T. K. K. steamer *Hongkong Maru* leaves for San Francisco.

Noon.—P. & O. steamer *Clyde* with English mails leaves for London.

Afternoon—H.K. Volunteers take part in Tactical Exercises.

4 p.m.—Cargo ex *Benader* subject to rent.

4.15 p.m.—Football, Shield "D" Coy R.M.F. vs. "C" Coy R.M.F.

9 p.m.—Last Performance by Madame Konorah at City Hall.

SHIPPING AND MAIL NEWS.

MAILS DUE.

French (*Ernest Simon*) to-morrow.

Indian (*Arratoon Apar*) 5th inst.

Australian (*Airline*) 7th inst.

American (*China*) 9th inst.

German (*Preussen*) 13th inst.

Australian (*Taiyuan*) 13th inst.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s R.M.S. *Empress of India* left Yokohama on Friday afternoon the 1st December for Vancouver.

The Imperial German mail steamer *Preussen* carrying the German mails with dates from Berlin of the 13th ult. left Colombo yesterday the 1st inst. p.m. and may be expected here on or about Wednesday the 13th inst.

HONGKONG AND WHAMPOA DOCK RETURNS.

Isla de Cuba at Kowloon Dock.

Isla de Luzon " "

Sigla " "

H.I.G.M.S. Hertha " "

Rohilla " "

Italian " "

Clara " "

West York " "

H.M.S. Whiting " "

U.S. Iris " "

Progress " "

Elating " "

Pruan " "

D. Juan d'Austria " Cosmopolitan "

Holstein " "

PASSED THE CANAL.

Outward—3rd November—*Strathgyle*—7th November—*Glenloch*, *Macduff*, *Cllo*, *Kayroma*, *Elanora*, 10th November—*Slam Tosa Maru*, 11th November—*Willingburg*, *Bombay Whitehall*, 17th November—*Glenfarg*, *Beagle*, *Silesia*, *Dardanus*, *Nas*, *Annam*, 21st November—*Antenor*, *Preussen*, *Bodouin*, *Bergenhuis*, 24th November—*Mertonshire*, *Homeward*—24th November—*Argyll*.

Shipping.

Arrivals.

BAMBERG, German steamer, 2,660, H. Mayer, 1st Dec., Moji 26th Nov., Coals—Carlowitz & Co.

HUE, French steamer, 704, P. Merlece, and Dec., Haiphong and Hoihow 1st Dec., General—A. R. Marty.

TAI CHEONG, German steamer, 828, H. Ahrens, and Dec., Saigon 26th Nov., Rice and Rice-flour—Meyer & Co.

DIAMANTE, British steamer, 1,250, R. W. Almond, 2nd Dec., Manila 25th Nov., General—Shaw, Tones & Co.

INORAN, German steamer, 894, E. F. Piper, and Dec., Amoy 30th Nov., General—Meyer & Co.

LOONGMOON, German steamer, 1,245, F. Schulz, 2nd Dec., Canton 2nd Dec., General—Siemssen & Co.

EMPEROR OF JAPAN, British steamer, 5,904, G. A. Lee, R.N.R., 2nd Dec., Vancouver 10th Nov., and Shanghai 30th, Mails and General—C. P. R. Co.

Clearances at the Harbour Office.

Pictoula, German str., for Saigon.

Kahuyama Maru, Japanese str., for Canton.

Pak Kong, British str., for Canton.

Hokkoku, Portuguese steam-launch, for Macao.

Sabine Rickmers, British str., for Foochow.

Shilberg, German str., for Thoskobe.

Kwai Lum, British steam-launch, for Macao.

Haimun, British str., for Swatow.

Hue, French str., for Haiphong.

Hailan, French str., for Hoihow.

Wo Ping, Chinese steam-launch, for Wuchow.

Hongkong, French str., for Haiphong.

Nanchang, British str., for Amoy.

Queen Adelaide, British str., for Amoy.

Diamond, British str., for Shanghai.

Sakong, British str., for Samshui.

Atchew, British str., for Bangkok.

Tamut Maru, Japanese str., for Swatow.

Chydra, British str., for Singapore.

Sishan, British str., for Swatow.

Departures.

Dec. 2, *Annam*, French str., for Europe.

Dec. 2, *Daphne*, German str., for Nagasaki.

Dec. 2, *Taiwan*, British str., for Canton.

Dec. 2, *Taisang*, British str., for Canton.

Dec. 2, *Socotra*, British str., for Japan.

Dec. 2, *Chydra*, British str., for Amoy.

Dec. 2, *Legaspi*, Spanish str., for Manila.

Dec. 2, *Malacca*, British str., for Singapore.

Dec. 2, *Hailan*, French str., for Hoihow.

Dec. 2, *Diamond*, British str., for Shanghai.

Dec. 2, *Nanchang*, British str., for Manila.

Passengers—Arrived.

Per *Tai Cheong*, from Saigon—128 Chinese.

Per *Diamante*, from Manila—Dr. Stahl, Mr. Kiewit, Lieut. Patman, Messrs. Malviney, Slater Buck, Amaratn, Galon, Miller, Chas. Drew, and 26 Chinese.

Per *Empress of Japan*, from Vancouver—Mr. J. Landal, Rev. and Mrs. W. Riddell, Mr. McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. Gousland and 2 children, Misses Wardwell (2), Mrs. A. Clarke, and Mr. H. Smith. From Yokohama—Miss Brooksmith, Bishop H. C. Potter, Rev. P. S. Grant, Messrs. H. Bhesania, S. Donnenberg, Mrs. Skeer, Mrs. Skeer and maids (2), Misses Gorhamia, Ure, Professor and Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. G. Baldwin, Messrs. James Querson, Bulby, Mr. Riddick, and Misses Baldwin.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. McLaren, Messrs. W. Ball, Mr. R. M. Bewick, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Romeny, Messrs. J. W. Taylor and J. P. Curar. For Nagasaki—Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and maid, Mrs. W. P. Elliot, Messrs. Hung Mok Hoi, Wong Sui Cho and Leung Yee Lun. From Shanghai—Mr. H. M. Tibbey, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Horey, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Whittall, Misses Krout, Ricketts, Mrs. Donnenberg, 617 Chinese and 2 Japanese in steerage.

Departed.

Per *Chydra*, for Singapore—Miss Geary, and 613 Chinese.

Per *Annam*, for Saigon—Mr. J. Walton, Dr. Back, Mr. K. Ito, Mr. and Mrs. von Pillowitz, and 55 Chinese. For Singapore—Messrs. B. N. Keranjia, Alf. H. Ellis, A. S. Goodwin, J. C. Hendry, S. G. Newall, I. Abbe, Durdle, G. Moss, Ping Kiat. For Batavia—Hon. B. G. Corney. For Colombo—Mr. E. Ortiz and 19 Chinese. For Suez—Lieut. W. E. Longfield, Mr. A. Spagnolo. For Marselles—Mr. L. B. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Clarke, Messrs. Annes de Amorion, Antonio, and 3 Sailors.

STEAMERS EXPECTED.		
Nams.	From.	Due.
Ernest Simons	Saigon	To-morrow
Mazagon	Singapore	Dec. 4th
Arratoon Apar	Singapore	Dec. 5th
Airline	Port Darwin	Dec. 7th
China	Japan	Dec. 9th
Pussen	Colombo	Dec. 13th
Taiyuan	Sydney	Dec. 13th

We would direct the attention of shipping firms to the style in which "Steamers Expected" and "Projected Sailings" are now published in this column, and in so doing respectfully urge the managers of shipping firms to give orders to their clerks to furnish this column, on the forms already supplied gratis with the latest available information every day.

PROJECTED SAILINGS.

Ship.	Destination.	Date.
Abergeldie	Portland, &c.	Jan. 27th
Adolph Oborg	New York	Qk. dep.
Anglian	New York	Qk. dep.
Ambria	Havre, &c.	Jan. 2nd
America Maru	San Francisco, &c.	Jan. 27th
Asama	New York	Dec. 20th
Australian	Sydney, &c.	Dec. 8th
Bamberg	Havre, &c.	Dec. 6th
Bayer	Straits, &c.	Mar. 7th
Breconshire	Victoria, B.C.	Jan. 13th
Carlisle City	San Diego, &c.	Dec. 31st
China	San Francisco, &c.	Dec. 16th
Chingtu	Sydney, &c.	Dec. 20th
City of Dublin	Victoria, B.C.	Dec. 30th
Canton	Sydney, &c.	Dec. 9th
Catania	San Francisco, &c.	Jan. 20th
Diamante	Manila	Dec. 6th
Doric	San Francisco, &c.	Dec. 23rd
Emp. China	Vancouver, &c.	Jan. 17th
Emp. India	"	Feb. 14th
Emp. Japan	"	Dec. 20th
Futami Maru	Thursday Is., &c.	Dec. 29th
Gaelic	San Francisco, &c.	Feb. 13th
Haimun	Swatow, &c.	Dec. 3rd
Hakata Maru	Marseilles, &c.	Dec. 15th
Hongkong Maru	San Francisco, &c.	Dec. 9th
Idomeneus	London	Dec. 14th
Japan	London	Dec. 14th
Kobe Maru	Kobe & Yokohama	Dec. 21st
Karlsruhe	Straits, &c.	Jan. 24th
König Albert	Straits, &c.	Jan. 13th
Königsberg	Havre, &c.	Dec. 15th
Lady Joyce	San Diego, &c.	Dec. 17th
Monmouthshire	Portland, &c.	Dec. 23rd
Nippon Maru	San Francisco, &c.	Jan. 3rd
Oldenburg	Straits, &c.	Feb. 21st
Pakhoi	Shanghai	Dec. 4th
Parmatta	Shanghai	Dec. 9th
Preussen	Straits, &c.	Dec. 9th
Prince Heinrich	Straits, &c.	Dec. 27th
Reuce	New York, &c.	Qk. desp.
Rosetta	Japan	Dec. 9th
Sachsen	Straits, &c.	Feb. 7th
Saint Irene	Victoria, B.C.	Dec. 20th
Sarnia	Havre, &c.	Jan. 10th
Silesia	Havre, &c.	Jan. 20th
Socotra	Nagasaki, &c.	Dec. 4th
St. Mark	New York, &c.	Qk. desp.
Strathgyle	San Diego, &c.	Dec. 15th
Stuttgart	San Diego, &c.	Dec. 15th
Tamara	Manila	Dec. 4th
Tamsui Maru	Swatow, &c.	Dec. 3rd
Tantulus	Liverpool	Dec. 15th
Tosa Maru	Yokohama	Dec. 7th
Yavata Maru	Japan	Dec. 23rd

Intimations.

"CLAYMORE."

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENTS:

THE VICTORIA DISPENSARY,
HONGKONG.

[1247a]

PETER SYS' WONDERFUL SPECIFIC.

THE only remedy at present known as an INFALLIBLE and PERMANENT CURE for
SPRUE, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, HEMORRHOID and ULCERATION
of the BOWELS.Recommended by some of the Chief Specialists of the Medical Profession.
Sold retail by all Chemists and WholesaleTHE PETER SYS COMPANY,
(Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers),
9, Old China Street,
Shanghai.

12th October, 1899.

[1242]

PHOTOGRAPHIC

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Etc., Etc., Etc.

Cost Post Orders Executed.

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FURNITURE STORE, 17, QUEEN'S ROAD, HONGKONG.

[1239a]

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FOOD

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

When prepared is similar to Breast Milk.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, ENGLAND.

CLARKE'S B. H. PILLS are warranted to
cure, in either sex, all acquired or con-
stitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs,
Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from
Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years.
In boxes, 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and
Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the
World. Proprietors: The Lincoln and Mid-
land Counties Drug Company, Lincoln,
England.

TUITION IN DANCING.

MR. A. HAHN'S DANCING CLASSES
will re-commence on 1st November next.
Intending Pupils are respectfully requested
to send their Applications Early in order that
Time and Terms may be arranged.

A. HAHN,

No. 10, Ice House Street,
Hongkong, 21st October, 1899.

[1339a]

F. BLACKHEAD & CO.,
SHIP-CHANDLERS, SAILMAKERS,
COAL AND PROVISION MERCHANTS,
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Sole Agents for

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WHISKY, &c.

EVERY KIND OF

SHIP'S STORES AND REQUISITES

ALWAYS IN STOCK

AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

Hongkong, 14th May, 1896.

[19]

NOTICE.

THE BEST PREVENTIVE OF ALL
INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

J. J. J. J. J.
THE BEST
DISINFECTANT

AVOID ALL RISK OF OUTBREAK BY
ITS USE.W. G. HUMPHREYS & Co.,
Bank Buildings.

Hongkong, 9th March, 1897.

[11]

LEVY HERMANOS.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWEL-
LERS AND WATCHMAKERS.Sole Agents in the East for the amalgamated
CLEMENT, HUMBER and GLADIATOR Co., Ltd.,
DUNLOP TYRES'S BICYCLES—PRICE, \$160.
A special reliable Watch made for this Climate.Quality A. \$120
Quality B. \$110
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Watson's Building.

[12]

KUHN & KOMOR,

JAPANESE FINE ART CURIOS,
21 & 23, QUEEN'S ROAD, HONGKONG,
and
35, WATER STREET, YOKOHAMA

[1238a]

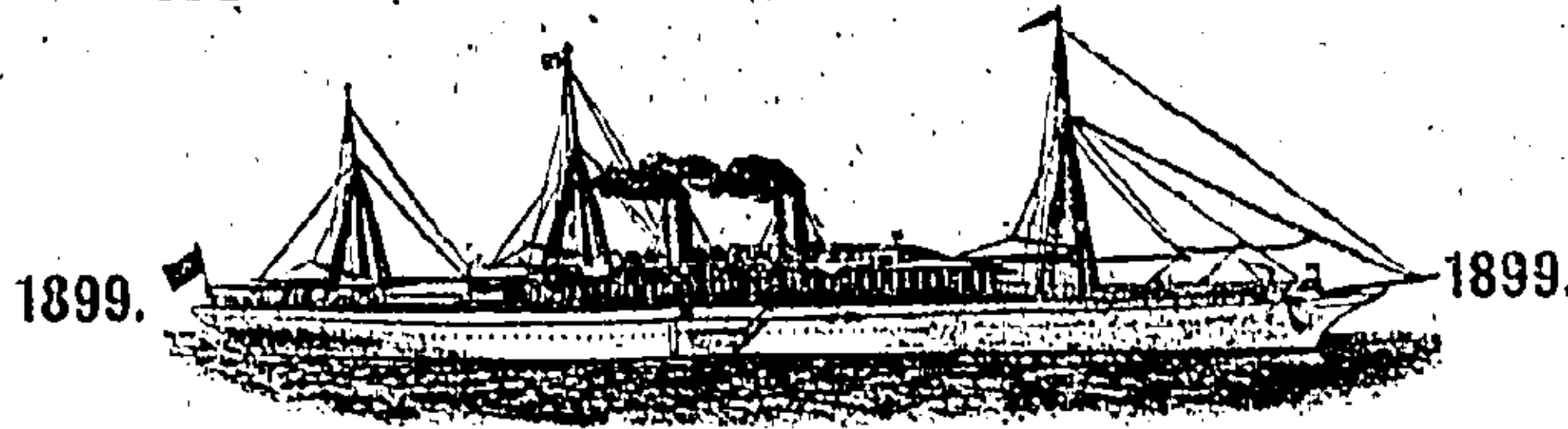
NOTICE.

NIGHT SCHOOL FOR EUROPEANS, by an
EX-SCHOOLMASTER.Terms moderate; for Particulars apply
c/o This Office.

[1048a]

Hongkong, 18th August, 1899.

Mails.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COY.'S
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE.SAFETY. SPEED. PUNCTUALITY.
THE FAST ROUTE BETWEEN CHINA, JAPAN AND EUROPE, VIA CANADA
AND THE UNITED STATES.(CALLING AT SHANGHAI, NAGASAKI, YOKOHAMA & VICTORIA, B.C.)
Twin Screw Steamships—6,000 Tons—10,000 Horse Power—Speed 19 knots.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

EMPRESS OF JAPAN...Comdr. Geo. A. Lee, R.N.R. ...WEDNESDAY, 20th Dec., 1899
EMPRESS OF CHINA...Comdr. R. Archibald, R.N.R. ...WEDNESDAY, 17th Jan., 1900
EMPRESS OF INDIA...Comdr. O. P. Marshall, R.N.R. ...WEDNESDAY, 14th Feb., 1900.

THE magnificent Twin-screw Steamships of this Line pass through the famous INLAND
SEA OF JAPAN, and usually make the voyage YOKOHAMA TO VANCOUVER
(B.C.) in 12 DAYS, saving THREE DAYS to a WEEK in the Trans-Pacific journey, and
make connection at Vancouver with the PACIFIC TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAINS
THE PACIFIC PACIFIC RAILWAY which leave daily, and cross the Continent FROM
THE PACIFIC TO THE ATLANTIC WITHOUT CHANGE. Close connection is made at
Montreal, Quebec, Halifax New York and Boston with all Trans-Atlantic Lines, which
passengers to Great Britain and the Continent are given choice of.

Passengers Booked through to all principal points and AROUND THE WORLD.
Return tickets to various points at reduced rates. Good for 4, 6, 9 and 12 months.

SPECIAL RATES (First class only) granted to Missionaries, Members of the Naval,
Military, Diplomatic and Civil Services, and to European Officials in the Service of China and
Japan Governments.

The attractive features of the Company's route embrace its PALATIAL STEAMSHIPS,
(second to none in the world), the LUXURANCE OF ITS TRANS-CONTINENTAL
TRAINS (the Company having received the highest award for same at recent Chicago World's
Exhibition), and the diversity of MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN AND LAKE SCENERY
through which the Railway passes.

THE DINING CARS AND MOUNTAIN HOTELS of this route are owned and operated
by the Company, and their appointments and Cuisine are unequalled.

For further information, Maps, Guide, Books, Rates of Passage, &c., apply to
D. E. BROWN, General Agent,
Edgar's Street.

Hongkong, 27th November, 1899.

CALIFORNIA AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.IN CONNECTION WITH
THE ATCHESON, TOPEKA & SANTA
FE RAILROAD CO.PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM
HONGKONG TO SAN DIEGO
VIA INLAND SEA OF JAPAN AND
HONOLULU.Taking Cargo and Passengers to JAPAN PORTS,
HONOLULU and SAN FRANCISCO, THE
UNITED STATES, MEXICO, CENTRAL and
SOUTH AMERICA, &c.

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SINGAPORE, SHANGHAI, TIENTSIN,
NEWCHANG, and all Ports in JAPAN.

Agents:

Mitsui Bussan Kaisha,
K. HASEGAWA,
Manager.

Hongkong, 19th August, 1899.

[14]

CARBONUM AVERNARIUS
USED FOR OVER 20 YEARS
With the Utmost Success.Thoroughly reliable preservative for Wood
and Stone against White Ants, Decay, Fungus
Rot and Dampness.Sole Agents for China,
LUTGENS, RINSTAMM & Co.
Hongkong, 10th September, 1896.

[19]

CHS. J. GAUPP & CO.,

CHRONOMETER, WATCH, and CLOCK
MAKERS, JEWELLERS, SILVER
SMITHS, and OPTICIANS.

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CELEBRATED OPERA GLASSES,
MARINE GLASSES and SPYGLASSES.
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DENTISTRY.

SUI SANG,
(Lately Practising with Dr. I. SAKATA),
DENTIST.
No. 4, Queen's Road Central.
Hongkong, 8th March, 1899.

[18a]

Insurance.

NORTH GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF HAMBURG.THE undersigned AGENTS of the above
Company are prepared to accept First
Class FOREIGN and CHINESE RISKS at
CURRENT RATES.SIEMSEN & Co.
Hongkong, 28th May, 1895.

[18]

For Sale.

XMAS SALE During 2 Weeks only.
JAPANESE FINE GOODS with 20%
Discount.New Goods arriving EVERY DAY, com-
mencing from 1st December.D. NOMA,
No. 12, Beaconsfield Arcade,
Opposite the City Hall.
Hongkong, 29th November, 1899.

[1238a]

FOR SALE.

STOCKBROKERS' TELEGRAM CODE.
Cloth: 492 pp.—\$50: Postage Extra.
Approval."CODE".
c/o Office of This Paper.
Hongkong, 25th November, 1899.

[1468a]

Mails.

Mails.

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA.

(THE JAPAN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.)



PROJECTED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG—SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

STEAMERS.	DESTINATIONS.	SAILING DATES.
TOSA MARU	{ YOKOHAMA (DIRECT) }	THURSDAY, 7th Dec., at 4 P.M.
HAKATA MARU	{ MARSEILLES, LONDON & ANT- WERP VIA SINGAPORE, PENANG, F. L. Sommer COLOMBO and PORT SAID. }	FRIDAY, 15th Dec., at Noon.
KAGOSHIMA MARU	{ KOBE and YOKOHAMA }	THURSDAY, 21st Dec., at 4 P.M.
YAWATA MARU	{ NAGASAKI, KOBE and YOKO- HAMA }	SATURDAY, 23rd Dec., at 4 P.M.
FUTAMI MARU	{ MANILA, THURSDAY ISLAND, TOWNSVILLE, BRISBANE, SYDNEY and MELBOURNE. }	FRIDAY, 29th Dec., at 4 P.M.

For further information as to Freight, Passage, Sailings, &c., apply at the Company's
Local Branch Office at No. 7, Praya Central.A. S. MIHARA,
Manager.

Hongkong, 29th November, 1899.

NORDDEUTSCHER
LLOYD.HAMBURG-AMERIKA
LINIE.(Freight Service.)
(Taking Cargo at through rates to ANTWERP, AMSTERDAM, ROTTERDAM, LISBON, OPORTO,
LONDON, LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, TRIESTE, GENOA, PORTS IN THE LEVANTS; BLACK
SEA and BALTIC PORTS; NORTH and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS.)PROJECTED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.
SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

STEAMERS.	DESTINATIONS.	SAILING DATES.
BAMBERG	{ HAVRE and HAMBURG. }	6th December.
*Mayer	{ (LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) }	About 15th December.
*KONIGSBERG	{ HAVRE and HAMBURG. }	About 22nd December.
Christiansen	{ (LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) }	About 29th December.
AMBRIA	{ HAVRE and HAMBURG. }	About 5th January.
Bismarck	{ (LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) }	About 12th January.
*SARNIA	{ HAVRE and HAMBURG. }	About 19th January.
Fuchs	{ (LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) }	About 26th January.
*SILESIA	{ MARSEILLES, HAVRE & HAMBURG. }	January.
Behrens	{ (LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) }	January.

* These Steamers have Superior Accommodation for Passengers and carry a Doctor and a Stewardess.

For further Particulars as to Freight, Passage, &c., apply to
CARLOWITZ & Co.,
Agents.

[981]

TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, VIA INLAND SEA
OF JAPAN AND HONOLULU.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

HONGKONG MARU (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama and Honolulu) Saturday, 9th Dec., at Noon.

NIPPON MARU (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama and Honolulu) Wednesday, 3rd Jan., 1900, at Noon.

AMERICA MARU (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama and Honolulu) Saturday, 27th Jan., 1900, at Noon.

THE Steamship

"HONGKONG MARU,"

will be despatched for SAN FRANCISCO, VIA SHANGHAI, NAGASAKI, KOBE, INLAND SEA, YOKOHAMA AND HONOLULU, on SATURDAY, the 9th December, at Noon, taking Freight and Passengers for Japan, the United States, and Europe.

Steamers of this line pass through the INLAND SEA OF JAPAN, and call at HONOLULU, and Passengers are allowed to break their journey at any point en route.

Through Passage Tickets granted to England, France, and Germany by all trans-Atlantic lines of steamers, and to the principal cities of the United States or Canada. Rates may be obtained on application.

Passengers holding through ORDERS TO EUROPE have the choice of Overland Rail routes from San Francisco including the SOUTHERN PACIFIC, CENTRAL PACIFIC, UNION PACIFIC, DENVER and RIO GRANDE, and other direct connecting Railways and from Chicago to destination the choice of direct lines.

Particulars of the various routes can be had on application.

Special rates (first class only) are granted to Missionaries, members of the Naval, Military, Diplomatic, and Civil Service, to European Officials in the service of China and Japan, and to Government officials and their families.

Through Bills of Lading issued for transportation to Yokohama and other Japan Ports, to San Francisco, to Atlantic and Inland Cities of the United States, via Overland Railways, to Havana, Trinidad, and Demerara, and to ports in Mexico, Central and South America, by the Company's and connecting Steamers.

Freight will be received on board until 4 P.M. the day previous to sailing. Parcel Packages will be received at Office until 5 P.M. same day; all Parcel Packages should be marked to address in full; value of same is required.

Consular Invoices to accompany Cargo destined to Points beyond San Francisco, in the United States, should be sent to the Company's Office in Sealed Envelopes, addressed to the Collector of Customs at San Francisco.

For further information as to Passage, and Freight, apply to the Agency of the Company, Queen's Building.

J. S. VAN BUREN, Agent.

Hongkong, 14th November, 1899.

[1310]

U.S. MAIL LINE.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

VIA INLAND SEA OF JAPAN AND HONOLULU.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

China (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama and Honolulu) Saturday, 16th Dec., at Noon.

THE Company's Steamship

"CHINA,"

will be despatched for SAN FRANCISCO, VIA SHANGHAI, NAGASAKI, KOBE, INLAND SEA, YOKOHAMA AND HONOLULU, on SATURDAY, the 16th December, at Noon.

Steamers of this line pass through the INLAND SEA OF JAPAN, and call at Honolulu, and passengers are allowed to break their journey at any point en route.

Through Passage Tickets granted to England, France and Germany by all trans-Atlantic lines of Steamers, and to the principal cities of the United States of Canada. Rates may be obtained on application.

Passengers holding through ORDERS TO EUROPE have the choice of Overland Rail routes from San Francisco, including the SOUTHERN PACIFIC, CENTRAL PACIFIC, UNION PACIFIC, DENVER and RIO GRANDE, and other direct connecting Railways, and from Chicago to destination the choice of direct lines.

Particulars of the various routes can be had on application.

Special rates (first class only) are granted to Missionaries, members of the Naval, Military, Diplomatic, and Civil Service, to European Officials in the service of China and Japan, and to Government officials and their families.

Through Bills of Lading issued for transportation to Yokohama and other Japan Ports, to San Francisco, to Atlantic and Inland Cities of the United States, via Overland Railways, to Havana, Trinidad, and Demerara, and to ports in Mexico, Central and South America, by the Company's and connecting Steamers.

Freight will be received on board until 4 P.M. the day previous to sailing. Parcel Packages will be received at the Office until 5 P.M. same day; all Parcel Packages should be marked to address in full; value of same is required.

Consular Invoices to accompany Cargo destined to Points beyond San Francisco, in the United States, should be sent to the Company's Office in Sealed Envelopes, addressed to the Collector of Customs at San Francisco.

For further information as to Passage, and Freight, apply to the Agency of the Company, Queen's Building.

J. S. VAN BUREN, Agent.

Hongkong, 29th November, 1899.

[1310]

(Published by Arrangement.)

THE HOUSE WITH ONE LIGHT,

BY

EVELYN EVERETT GREEN,
(Author of "The Fire Farm," "Two Enthusiasts," etc., etc.)

[COPYRIGHT.]

"No, Miss, there's nobody lives there now. It's all shut up—which seems a pity for a fine house like that. But old Squire, he's a bit queer in his head, and if he chooses to shut up the Hall and live in a bit of a cottage with two old servants—why nobody can stop him, you see."

"Is he mad, then? I didn't know you had a Squire here?"

"Yes—old Squire Hardcastle. We've had Hardcastles here as long as anybody can remember; but it seems as though this one would be the last," and the woman sighed as though sorry about something.

"Is there a story about them?" I asked, for, as it was a wet evening and I had not many books, I was rather glad of a bit of gossip with my landlady, who was a pleasant soul of the sort one only meets rarely now-a-days. "Get another cup, and I'll pour you out a cup of tea with me, and you shall tell me the story to pass the time."

"Well, Miss," began Mrs. Muffler, when this arrangement had been carried out to mutual satisfaction. "I don't know that I'll sound much to you, coming from London and furrier parts and hearing so many odd things; but we country folks think a deal of what happens hereabouts. Squire Hardcastle was always a bit of a miser, and he never kept open house as his fathers had done, and they do say he and his wife had scenes together, and that she pined out of chagrin and vexation. However, I don't know if that's true. But, at least, she died when Master Geoffrey was twelve years old; and after that things were madder than ever, and the poor old Squire died a sad time of it when he came home for his holidays. His father did send him to school, and he got to college too, for he took a scholarship, and the old man seemed as though he couldn't forbear to let him use it, even though he did have to help him with an allowance—which folks said was very miserable and mean, for a man in Master Geoffrey's position. However, he did well at college, and we were all fond of him here; but he came less and less; till one time when he had done his course, and wanted his father to do something for him—he don't quite know what he had at any rate, the old Squire wouldn't do it, and there was a dreadful quarrel over it, folks say."

"Was that before the Hall was shut up?"

"Yes, just before. Old Squire was living in one wing then with the same queer old pair of servants as he's got still. They are as near in their ways as he, and suited him. Well, Master Geoffrey, he came home, and there was a great quarrel about something—everybody says it was money—and then he went away next day in hot anger, and the old Squire shut up the Hall and never lived at it since, letting the thing go to rack and ruin, and folks say it's just to spite Mr. Geoffrey, who will have to come into it by and by, as it's all entailed; but they say the old man buried all the money he saves year by year, so that his son shall never have it, and they say the old man and woman knew where it is and will get it all when he's gone."

"What a very odd story," I said, "and where is Mr. Geoffrey gone? and what is he doing?"

"That's what nobody knows, Miss, Mr. Geoffrey was a good deal of a queer fellow hereabouts, and when he went there wasn't anybody to tell us about him. They say he went to furrier parts, and that he had brains enough to get on anywhere. I'm sure I hope he has. It's a crying shame, as we all do say, that a fine promising young man and an only son should be driven from home and made to earn his own living, with this fine property going to pieces for want of somebody to see after it. But when you've got a half-crazed old miser to deal with, what are you to do?"

"And nobody lives in the Hall—not even a caretaker?"

"No, Miss, not a soul. Old Squire never had it. He's got all the keys himself, and not a soul is allowed in. It's one of his crazes. He won't let a creature cross the threshold, and all the doors and windows are barred or boarded up like, as it was a prison."

"Now, the reason why I was curious about the deserted old Hall was that my bedroom window looked straight across at it. Trees shut it into a very great extent—so much so that I had only realised quite lately that there was any house there at all; but through a small gap between two limbs of a giant oak, a shaft of light came streaming night by night straight across from that lonely house to my window—the only one it so chance which looked out that way. I had seen it first by chance, drawing up my blind to admire the effect of the moonlight on the trees; and since then the strength and brilliancy of the light had prompted me to look for it regularly. It must come from some very powerful lamp I decided, and I was curious to know the meaning of that solitary light-looking end covered by day the neglected-looking old house with its many closed windows; but I was not prepared to hear that it was altogether shut up and deserted."

That night the rain ceased, and I announced my intention of going out for a moonlight stroll. I was five and twenty, and considered that I was quite able to take care of myself. I was almost alone in the world, and had a sufficient, although not a large, fortune. I lived in London for the most part, in pleasant rooms of my own, and from time to time I enjoyed buying myself completely for a few weeks in some quiet country place like Eastbury, and seeing nobody of my own class during the whole of that time. Some people called me eccentric, but I don't know that I was. I was like many other women, lonely rather than choice than necessity. I might have changed my lot more than once, and have either married, or found congenial companionship with nice women of my acquaintance, but I had never made up my mind to the sacrifice of my independence. The memory of a certain brief episode in my life a few years back always deterred me. If he had asked me—perhaps I would have yielded. But our meeting was brief, a sudden breaking-up of plans separated us without a farewell. I believed the page closed for ever, but somehow his memory hindered me from opening any other like it.

The house dog followed me; I instructed my landlady not to wait up. I had been cooped up all day, and the moonlight was a great attraction for me. I started off at a good pace, and soon left the village far behind.

As I returned some hours later my thoughts had strayed back, I know not how, or why, to that little hotel on Lake Lemna, and my friendship with Mr. Castleton there. I remembered how bright everything had looked to me then, and how I had felt, and how I had been so happy, and how I had been so much more to me than any other I had ever known.

My thoughts were far enough from Eastbury as I turned my steps back thither at length, when suddenly from the crown of a lonely little eminence far away from the high road or any building (I saw the strong gleam in that deserted house, falling in long bright rays right across the sleeping meadows.

And the house was empty—not a soul living there.

Suddenly the longing after an adventure came upon me. I had no fear of ghosts before my eyes. I began to suspect that the old miser himself returned to his deserted house at night perhaps to secrete some gathered hoard, or perhaps to remove some hoard to the nearer proximity of his own home. Could it be possible to get a peep at him at his work? I was light of foot and active, and the old house was clothed in tangled ivy. Might it not be possible to climb up as far as the window from which the light streamed out, and see what it all meant?

Curiosity and the desire to solve the mystery got the upper hand, and off I started in the direction of the old house as fast as my feet would carry me, and as straight as the crow flies. As I noted the extreme loneliness of the country I was not surprised that the light had apparently remained unnoticed by the villagers. They could see nothing of it from their cottages or from the high road. It was only visible here, and there through a gap in the trees or from a hillock on the wild common. It might burn there a month unobserved, I thought, but all the same I would myself try and find out what it meant.

With cautious steps, I approached the house through a gap in the hedge made by boys desirous to obtain fruit and nuts from the neglected gardens. The whole house seemed to lie sleeping in shadow and silence, and only from that one upper window did a thin shaft of light shine out strong and clear. I looked up at it and saw that it came through a round hole in a shutter, a hole that might possibly be unknown to the inhabitant of the room. The room was in a sort of tower, and the tower was easier of mounting to the window than the ivy. A little spiral staircase wound up to the very top just in the angle where the tower jutted from the house itself, and to each of the upper tower-rooms was a balcony, so that by standing on this balcony I felt sure that I could look straight through the hole and into the room.

I think I felt a good deal more nervous now that I was really creeping up the crazy little stairway than I had done in planning my more precarious ascent by the ivy, but curiosity drew me on, step by step, and at last I reached the level of that room in which the light shone steadily out. My heart beat fast, and I stepped with extreme caution upon the little balcony, and then holding hard by the ivy, I raised myself on tip-toe, and found that I could just look comfortably in the room.

And what did I see? Nothing at all dreadful. A table strewn with papers and with a number of vessels and test-tubes suggestive of a laboratory, a very powerful lamp burning overhead and shedding a strong light upon everything; and the figure of a man—with his back toward me—mixing, with extreme care, some liquid in a mortar, and pounding them together gently, bending from time to time over his papers as he worked, or added some fresh ingredient to the compound.

Not a grizzled old miser after all. No secret hoard or mystery to excite the imagination. Just an ordinary young man—for the figure was powerful and muscular, and the hair crisp and dark and curling—working out some chemical problem, having probably hired this old laboratory from the miser for a few good pieces.

I felt rather as though I had had a slap in the face, and was preparing to turn away and go home again, when the young experimenter suddenly walked round to the other side of the table towards a red powder, which lay there on a paper. The light fell full upon his face—and I drew in my breath with a quick gasp that was almost a cry, for the face was that of the man to whom I had so nearly lost my heart two short years back—the face of Mr. Castleton.

I stood gazing at him, fascinated and unable to move. There was no mistaking the handsome, rather haughty face, the intellectual head, the keen, quick eyes, the square chin, and resolute mouth. I should have known him anywhere, I think; but with this strong light upon his face a mistake was impossible. I stood gazing spell-bound, and when a sudden, loud noise smote upon my ears I almost gave a cry. It was only the church clock striking twelve. I counted the strokes mechanically as they fell upon my ear, and still I stood gazing, and gazing at that well-known face. Then suddenly remembering that I was no better than a spy, and that I had no business to be there at all, I quickly descended from my perch of ivy, and slipped down the little stairway to join my faithful canine comrade who had remained patiently below.

Mr. Castleton there! Mr. Castleton at Eastbury! I was so stunned by the revelation that I hardly knew whether or not I was dreaming. Instead of making straight for the gap I wandered aimlessly about the old garden, still feeling the charm of being near to him and that light, until the dog gave a low warning growl, and I heard the sound of a stealthy footstep approaching.

In an instant, and with a beating heart, I slipped into a little nook between two great yew trees near to the garden wall, where I was completely concealed, and the dog came with me and obeyed my whispered command to keep silence.

The moon was bright enough to show me the approaching person: It was a bowed old man with a wizened face, and he was wheeling something with him in a barrow, which proved to be a very heavy case. He paused so near to me that I was in mortal terror of being seen, and slipped down the little stairway to join my faithful canine comrade who had remained patiently below.

A great piece of board which I then saw concealed a deep hole, into which, with no small difficulty, he lowered the heavy iron box. Then he covered up the hole, quickly, but very carefully, pushed the wheelbarrow out of sight in the bushes, and hastily hobbled away, leaving the place just as the chime struck the first quarter of the twelve.

I knew the old man. He lived at the lodge, and so I had just heard that he had returned to the old miser who owned the Hall itself. I supposed he was hiding away some treasure chest of his master's, and was rather surprised that the miser should entrust this task to any hired person. However, it was no business of mine, and my heart was so full of Mr. Castleton that I could think of nothing else.

I went home, and as I was undressing I heard an unbidden sound of footsteps under my window, tramping along the road in the direction of the lodge, but I thought little enough of it, and after lying awake thinking over my adventure till far into the night, I fell asleep, and slept so soundly that it was past nine o'clock before I opened my eyes again.

When I got downstairs I found my landlady in a state of the greatest excitement.

"O Miss! she cried, "What do you think has happened last night? The most awful thing. Poor old Squire was murdered in his bed at twelve o'clock—just when old Mills had gone out to look for the dog which was laid down, and folks say there's no manner of doubt but that it was his own son who did it for it seems that Master Geoffrey has been hiding

away these two weeks past at the old Hall, and last night he murdered his father in his bed, and took the money chest off with him, and has hid it nobody knows where."

A sudden thrill ran through me like a powerful electric shock. I sat down to the table and asked my landlady to tell me more details. She was only too happy to comply.

"It's an awful thing, Miss. I heard all about it from Robbins, who got it straight from the policeman. Old Mills came running to him close on half-past twelve last night, to say he'd found the old man murdered in his bed. It seems he had been in to look to his master at a quarter before twelve, because he rang his bell sharp like. The dog wasn't in the house, and he always slept in the old man's room by the box which folks suppose held his money, and the Squire wouldn't rest without him, and sent Mills out after him. He says he was hunting about, maybe the best part of half-an-hour, but couldn't find the creature anywhere. Then he got back, and found the old man lying in the bed with his throat cut from ear to ear—awful to see. Off he sets for the police; Mr. Geoffrey is hanging about the place, because he's seen him more than once. He believed he was hiding somewhere up at the Hall; and that he'd decoyed the dog away on purpose, and was watching his chance to get in and kill the old man. That's what he said, and the policeman went straight to the Hall, and there was Mr. Geoffrey, sure enough, in a queer place he used to be fond of when he lived at home, what they called a laboratory, or something of that sort, and there were queer red stains on his hands, and he seemed put about at being found, and was that upset when he heard his father was killed that all was sure he'd done it, and wanted Mills to have the blame. So the coroner's to come to-day, and he'll be committed for trial as sure as eggs is eggs. O! to think as Mr. Geoffrey we thought so much on, should end his days on the gallows," and Mrs. Muffler fairly wept in her mingling of sorrow, excitement, and horror.

I felt that my face was very pale. But I pretended to be busy with my breakfast as I asked:

"What does Mr. Geoffrey say about himself?"

"O, Miss, I don't hardly know. I'm afraid all's not well with Mr. Geoffrey. When folks get changing their names and calling themselves different like, and living in furrier parts, one never knows where you have them. He's called himself Mr. Castleton these many years, and folks do say that he's a professor or something, but I don't seem right to go on so. But I must get to the lawyer and hear it all. I never thought to hear Mr. Geoffrey committed to take his trial for his life."

If Mrs. Muffler felt she must go—be sure I did the same. I knew that what might I must hear the evidence, for if the story I had heard was correctly reported, I, and I alone, might have the power of saving an innocent man from an awful charge. I feared to ask too many questions lest I should hear after all that the murder had been committed earlier in the night, and my evidence might go for nothing; but I pressed into the room by Mrs. Muffler's side, closely veiled, when the proceedings were about to be commenced; and when I saw Mr. Castleton standing calm and pale very near to two sturdy representatives of local justice. I felt my heart give such a leap that I was afraid it would be heard all over the room.

The coroner took his seat. The jury, who had viewed the corpse previously, were sworn, and proceedings commenced.

The evidence of the doctor was taken first, who affirmed that death had been caused by the infliction of a wound in the throat, and that it was his opinion the wound could not have been self-inflicted.

The policeman testified to the finding of the body in the condition described by the medical man; and then Mills was called for his statement. It was in substance just what Mrs. Muffler had told me, and he was perfectly clear as to the time, as was also his old wife. The master had gone to bed at half-past eleven, but had missed the dog last thing. He had rung his bell and then got into bed. Both the old servants answered the unbidden summons, and both saw him alive shortly before midnight. Then the man had gone to seek the dog, and the old woman had retired to bed. She knew nothing of the awful deed done till after the arrival of the policeman, as her husband had not stayed to call her up when he discovered what had happened. Then came evidence as to the proximity of Geoffrey to the lodge. Mills declared he had seen him hanging about that very evening, and that he was almost certain he saw him looking over the hedge as he went out after the dog. He would not swear it positively, because the light was so dim, and the dog disappeared so quickly; but he was almost sure of it.

Another terrible piece of evidence against the accused was that a bloody razor had been found in the grounds of the old Hall that very morning, thrown away behind some bushes.

Little scraps of evidence given by one and another all pointed to the fact that Geoffrey knew his father's miserly habits, that there was a bitter quarrel between the two men, that he would come into a fine inheritance upon his father's death, that—

But I could not listen longer. It was growing more than flesh and blood could bear. I rose up in my seat and said:

"I have some evidence to give. May I be sworn?"

There was a sudden, quick exclamation, in a voice I knew to be Geoffrey's, but I dared not look at him. I took the required oath, and told my story, which the reader knows. I could see by the absorbed interest on all faces, could tell by the intense hush within the room, what an impression it was making. I was asked several searching questions, especially as to the time of the occurrence, and I actually swear that I had been watching the movements of Geoffrey Hardcastle for some minutes when the church clock struck twelve? Was I certain of the identity of the old man I had seen with that of Mills the servant, whose evidence I had heard? In fact I was cross-questioned with some sharpness, but my story was so simple that there was no fear of my being confused or contradicting myself.

At last I was told I might sit down, and an order was given to the two policemen to go and look in the place I had described for the iron-bound box, and for the wheelbarrow, or traces of it. I listened the men were gone, we all kept our seats and waited in breathless expectancy. The time seemed long, but it was not really so, before the men came back wheeling the chest, in the very barrow in which old Mills had borne it to its hiding place. My story was verified in one particular. The coroner was satisfied on all others. Geoffrey stood a free man, cleared from all shadow of suspicion. The old man Mills was committed to stand his trial, and flinging up his hands in a agony of remorse and terror, openly confessed his sin.

Leaving the stifling room, and thankful to be free of the scene still going on there, I stole away into the cold summer evening, to find Mr. Castleton—Geoffrey—beside me.

"Maud," he said in a strange choked voice, "Is this how we meet again? How can I thank you for what you have done for me to-day?"

"O don't thank me," I cried with something almost like a sob, for I was terribly unhappy

by all I had gone through. "It would have killed me if—I—O how can I say it?"

"He suddenly gathered me into his arms, and I lay still in his embrace, a great hush falling upon us."

"We belonged to each other, I think, from the very first—I at least felt it. Now you are mine altogether, my darling. You have given me back my life—and now that life must be mine too. We will let nothing part us any more."

"O Geoffrey!" I cried, "O Geoffrey!" It was all I could find to say, but it was enough. He held me close to his faithful heart, and our lips met in the first kiss.

THE DEAD GENERAL.

SIR WILLIAM PENN SYMONS.

A STRIKING PERSONALITY.

AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

While we are elated with the brilliant victory of the battle of Glencoe, we all must be bowed down in sorrow at the news of the terrible cost. Natal, the cockpit of South Africa, has seen another shocking sacrifice of human life. The mortality amongst officers is too horrifying to contemplate, and the long list of dead and wounded must bring keen sorrow to all.

First amongst these slain is General Sir Penn Symons, the leader of Friday's fight, a great and gallant soldier, and a man in whom we in India have especial interest. The fact that the dead General is the brother of two well-known Bombay gentlemen, Mr. J. Lytleton Symons, and Mr. Hugh Symons, brings the calamity close to our door and gives us additional cause for sorrow.

Up to the arrival of Sir George White at Durban, General Symons was in supreme command of Natal, and the burden of responsibility rested on his shoulders at a most anxious and trying time, when the forces were vastly inferior and when the Young Boer party might have precipitated hostilities at any moment. The arrival of the troops from India averted that danger and General White had the satisfaction of taking over a command which was not in such a serious condition as that in which his predecessor held it.

General Symons reverted to second in command. His personality was of a very striking kind. When he led Friday's brilliant charge he was no longer in his first youth, adversity, and he had only attained the grade he held at the late age of fifty-seven. Yet, to look at him, he might have been taken for not more than forty. He exhibited none of the characteristics of the veteran nearing the finish of his career. It had been a varied and eventful career moreover; his life was spent amid stirring scenes in all climates all over the world. Yet this trying service left little outward mark upon the man. Symons might have had the gift of perennial youth.

He possessed all his physical attributes; a trim, light, well-built, active figure, about the middle height; a face bright but hard-bitten; eyes keen and piercing; dark hair and moustache still untouched with grey. A quick decisive speech, brisk, alert air, strong self-reliance, was shown by the masterful spirit. General Symons had great natural aptitudes for the command of men; yet he never obtruded his authority, he did not perpetually worry his horses, his powerful influence over subordinates was exercised quietly, unostentatiously; he led rather than drove, and although his hand was firm, he was very patient and forbearing, ever considerate to all shortcomings, full always of kindly encouragement to renewed endeavour.

Sir William Symons well illustrated the old saying that everything comes to him who waits. His promotion was very tardy; he has only lately pulled up long leeway that let him so far behind in the waiting race. At the commencement of the Zulu war 1879 he had but just become a captain, and was still at the bottom of the list when a single day, the

DREAD DAY OF THE MASSACRE, of Isandlwana, pushed him almost to the top. It was his good fortune to be on duty early where when his comrades fell in heaps under the Zulu assegais. So, after spending twelve years as a subaltern, three carried him from captain to major, and in six more he was a brevet-colonel. Yet he had no opportunity to show his mettle in his arduous Zulu campaign; at its end he was still a regimental officer, and he was awarded no special honours or distinctions.

His merits had, however, become known to his superiors, and comrades predicted great things for him if he got an opening. It came when he passed under the personal observation of Lord Roberts. That fine judge of a man's character and quality was commanding the Madras Army when the South Wales Border regiment, in which Symons was a major, formed part of it. It would have been a mistake to call such a good "all-round" officer as Symons a specialist in any one thing, but he was especially strong on the rifle, and how it could be wielded. Musketry instruction and the desire to bring his men to a high standard in marksmanship was his pet hobby, and he was cordially encouraged in it by Lord Roberts, who held exactly the same views.

The good shooting which gave us the victory on Friday, and which silenced the Boer guns, was due in some measure to the unfortunate General who fell mortally wounded. The improvement began with Lord Roberts in Madras, and General Symons was his principal agent.

As Assistant Adjutant-General for Musketry, Symons carried out the excellent system now introduced in the Presidency, and initiated many reforms which, beginning in the East have since been adopted throughout the British service.

Lord Roberts after this never lost sight of Symons, and henceforth his professional advancement was secure. When the last Boer war was about in 1885 Symons went with the expedition, first as a staff officer, then as commandant of the mounted infantry. Another of his "specialties" was a deep interest in this hybrid arm. He had been associated with it in South Africa and had recognised its peculiar usefulness under particular conditions and the body he raised in Burma did admirable and most effective work.

Symons' war services were continued in Burma and beyond. He was Brigadier-General with the Chin field force; he commanded the column from Burma in the Chin Lushai expedition; he was in the Warisan expedition, and quite recently he was actively engaged in the last hard-fought, tedious campaign.

ON OUR NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, at first with a brigade in the Tichei field force and then with a division in the Tirah expedition. He had been fighting almost continuously since the last fifteen years, and was every secret, every move. He made a close study of the drill and tactics of the various arms, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and could handle them singly or in combination with great skill, judgment, and effect. Withal, he was calm, clear-headed, resolute, prompt, and vigorous in following up an advantage, tenacious and unyielding when hard pressed.

To complete the portrait a few words may be added, showing his many-sided character, his tastes and traits, and very varied gifts. Symons was before everything a first-class sportsman. He could hunt a pack of hounds as well as he could command troops. When

serving in Madras he was the Master of the Octacorn Hunt, and was famed for showing splendid sport. His cheery musical "Hailos!" and the many merry gallops he gave the field will long be remembered by comrades of both services, civil and military. He loved a good horse, and was an excellent judge of one. Yet again Symons wielded the pen of a ready writer; he had the somewhat rare gift of clear, terse expression, and had not infrequently lent valuable aid to a chief with less command of style and language.

We deplore his loss, but he has gone to his account with the record of a great soldier, and he will live in history as the General who was the first to avenge Majuba Mill—*Advocate of India.*

LES MISERABLES.

Piccadilly, with its diversified and ever-changing crowds, always appeals to the artistic eye. Everything that wealth can obtain and that human ingenuity can devise is lavished upon the kaleidoscopic and gaily coloured masses that find their way to the queen of thoroughfares.

Night shows Piccadilly at her best, and becomes her in the same way as a black silk dress does a splendid fair woman. The constant procession of carriages passing to and fro, and the passing of the closed carriage of priceless gems and pretty faces, and there is everything to suggest the most pleasant and luxurious side of life. Towards the Green Park we find ourselves in the thick of Clubland, clearly indicated by the multitude of white shirt fronts that flit between the shadows and the light.

It is here—directly opposite some of the most palatial buildings in London, replete with every comfort to assuage the mere trouble of living—that poverty, the grim, stalking shadow of wealth, hides its rags and misery in the deep gloom of night and the shades of the leafy boughs of the trees that line the pavement which borders the Green Park. The majority of the waifs and strays who occasionally occupy the seats are distinctly above the ordinary type of tramp that generally monopolises the seats provided by a charitable vestry or thoughtless society. As a matter of course, these isolated specimens of the lower makes itself known, and on the evening of my visit, one uncouth and besotted-looking vagabond, surrounded by three stately women, went so far as to ask in mock-tender accents after my health. One of the poor creatures, who looked the picture of despair, gave a feeble laugh at the coarse impudence of her tattered cavalier. But the other two stared in a meaningless fashion into space suggestive of utter hopelessness. During a later interrogation of one of these poor creatures I found her to be a person of some education, and I remarked on the fact to her.

"Yes, perhaps I was a lady once." And she gave a bitter smile as old memories were stirred. It was the old story of the insidious tongue, the weak listener, followed by the story in the law courts, neglect, remorse, and ultimately drink. This woman has had the painful experience of some times seeing the one boy born of her marriage riding on horseback in the Row, with perhaps not one thought of his poor erring mother.

"But why keep the company of that black-guard?" I asked of her. "He has found out that I have an allowance of ten shillings a week, and all goes in a couple of days, and then he looks after me. Anyway, he is some sort of protection, and a man, or rather the bad reflection of one."

Farther down I found the limp and ill-clothed figure of a boy about fourteen years of age, who had just been awakened from a sleep in the corner of one of the seats. He leaned against the opposite railings of the park with the air of an ill-treated dog. The man who had awakened him wore the air of a workman of the higher grade, and was putting questions to the juvenile waif in a kindly manner.

"Where's your parents?"

"Ain't got any."

"Who and what were they?"

"Father was an engineer. He went to America."

"Why did he go there?"

"Rowed with mother; and soon after she died."

"Haven't you heard from your father?"

"No, guv'nor (a world of pathos in the following), he has forgotten me."

The kind questioner gave him a name and address, and told me once he had the misfortune to be a lad to be in the same bitter lonely position, but thanks to the Bootblack Boys Society taking him up and giving him a start, he was now in a good position and foreman over forty men. "And I never pass a poor, destitute-looking boy without I think of my younger days, and try to do him a turn."

On the seat nearest Hyde Park Corner there was rather a heated argument taking place between an old gentleman of flushed and benevolent aspect, who was dressed in a shabby frock-coat, and trousers. The most striking traits about him were a very dirty grey beard, a gleaming pair of glasses, and a tall, worn silk hat of ancient style and date. He was addressing his remarks, which were of a philosophical nature, to a consumptive-looking man of about forty, who suffered from a very distressing cough.

"You say that life is still worth living. Bah! and with that cough? Sir! (this to me) this man, still a comparatively young specimen of his order, says he can't get work. His wife and three little children are being taken care of by relatives, while he has to sleep where he can. Sometimes he sleeps with me on the seat, which, ahem, is very comfortable, and delightfully cool in the summer. He was once the leading cornet player at some of our big theatres. Caught rheumatic fever; laid up nine months; after which the doctor gave him orders never to play again; if he did it would mean his death. The usual benefit; the usual business which he knew nothing about; and then the failure. Last job, a man's situation for boy's wages. Is life worth living after that?" snapped out the philosopher of the ancient head-gear.

"Yourself, why are you here?" I mildly remarked.

"Not for fresh air, my young friend. I have fought the battle of life, and lost; although I have a decent smattering of the mathematics, and kindred sciences, and can lip out the words of some three or four languages. Same tale—a woman. She was my wife. Couldn't understand my ways. Left me. I was very fond of her. Sometimes she sleeps with me on the seat, spectacles and carefully wiping them on the skirt of his greasy coat. 'So, in her continual absence, I went to the—devil.'"

At that moment a passing young gentleman in evening dress stopped, as if by the old man's voice, and in the near distance carefully scrutinised him. He then came up and said, "Is that you?" There was an eloquent silence, expressive of genuine surprise on one side and a deep feeling of shame on the other. The young man pressed a coin in the old man's hand and slowly turned away. I followed him, and opened a conversation.

"His wife left him, mildly remarked. 'Why did she do that?' The young fellow gave an expressive gesture suggestive of the

earnest worship of Bacchus, adding verbally, "And other things I do not care to mention. And don't be surprised when I tell you he is a Master of Arts."

Truly, the trees that wave so gently over the seats in the summer winds could, if gifted with speech, tell many a pitiful story of the waifs and strays who frequent the very shady side of Piccadilly at night—*Rangoon Times.*

THE HUMANITY OF WAR.

Mr. Wyndham reminding the House recently that the Boers are a party to the Geneva Convention will relieve a good many anxious households, those especially that have brothers or relations fighting in the ranks. The public, if they had any doubts on the subject before, have come by now to regard the Boers as the bravest of brave enemies. It may be questioned, however, if they stand much higher in the scale of civilisation, according to the popular conception of them than Afriids or Zulus. This misconception, for which the cheaper kind of comic paper is largely responsible, will, we must hope, be speedily unright by experience. The Under-Secretary for War feels certain that the Boers will treat our wounded, if they fall into their hands, with a humanity equal to that which we are employing towards their wounded, without a shade of distinction between Dutch and British. In their own interests they cannot well act otherwise. Without placing implicit confidence in statistics, which are necessarily of the rough-and-ready order, there can be no doubt that their casualties have hitherto been in excess of those telegraphed home by Sir George White, nor, as the campaign progresses, is the balance likely to be materially altered. It is true that our wounded men cannot expect to be treated by the Boer surgeons with that perfection of skill which will be found in our wards, more especially since Sir William MacCormac, with a patriotism beyond all praise, has placed his unrivalled experience, acquired on the battle-fields of Würth and Sedan, at the disposal of the War Office. Their hospital arrangements are extremely primitive, partly, it is only just to add, through want of funds. We may take it, at least, that our soldiers will not be left to bleed to death on the veldt, and that shelter and attendance of some kind will be provided for them. Nor need the public confidence inspired by the Under-Secretary for War be really shaken by the very circumstantial statement of the *Daily News* correspondent that, at Elands Laagte, a small body of Boers "sniped" the ambulance corps. Such isolated acts of savagery occur in every campaign, and the only comment to be made is that when a man has the rage of battle in him, he becomes little removed from a beast of prey. These outbursts differ entirely from a deliberate determination to carry on warfare with Old Testament ruthlessness; a resolve which no Boer commandant, the old Covenant spirit notwithstanding, can be supposed to entertain. It is to be noted that Cronje, none too scrupulous an opponent, has despatched a courteous, if worded letter to Colonel Baden-Powell, offering facilities for the exchange of wounded and prisoners. His magnanimity has not yet been acted sincerely, if only for the reason that the bargain will be greatly to his advantage.

It is only right, then, to regard the Boers as an enemy capable of conducting a war in a temper less barbaric than that of Matabele or Swazis. They would secure, nevertheless, a large measure of our respect—and it will be worth something to them by and by—if they were to refrain from tampering with the natives under our rule. The attempt to raise the Basutos, which the Resident Commissioner, Sir Godfrey Layden, has placed on record in a despatch to Sir Alfred Milner, can only be stigmatised as an act of blundering wickedness. The magistrates have evidently been obliged to exercise their influence to the last ounce in order to prevent that tribe of warlike and well-drilled horsemen from swooping down upon the Free State, and carrying slaughter and fire into every farm. They are rewarded by the specious intrigues of the Boer commandant in larger opposite Maseru, who has been deliberately scheming to seduce the paramount chief Lerododi from his allegiance by an offer most calculated to tickle Basuto ambitions, namely, a large tract of land. If it came to the employment of native mercenaries, the Boers know very well that for one recruit that they would gain, we should get a hundred from among the tribes that have smarted under the *stamboom* or have been dispossessed of their territories. And how easy, too, it would have been to retaliate with another kind of coloured man, with those "Sikhs and other mountain troops of India," which, according to the letter from the notorious Tynan which our Special Correspondent gives us, were to form the principal force put in line against the Boer commandos! It may be that the lies of this ranting scoundrel and of incendiaries of his kidney have influenced the more uneducated of the Boers, and that they really cherish a half-belief that the "horrors of Wyoming" will be repeated in South Africa. That excuse, however, will not avail people like General Joubert, who have travelled, and who know that, even if we were fighting with our backs to the last wall, we should never resort to such a gross breach of the unwritten laws of Southern warfare as the use of black troops against whites. It is to be hoped, therefore, that

